And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou dist kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou hopst to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. O, Harries wife, triumh not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Ma. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buie soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes pray,
To haue him suddenly conueied away.

Cancell

Cancell his bond of li
That I may liue to say
Qu. O thou didst p
That I should wish for
That botteld spider, th
Q. Mar. I cald thee
I cald thee then, poore
The presentation of, b
The flattering index o
One heaued a high, to
A mother onely, mock
A dreame of which th
A signe of dignitie, a g
To be the aime of euer
A Queene in ieast, one
Where is thy husband
Where are thy childre
Who sues to thee, and
Where be the bending
Where be the throngi
Decline all this, and se
For happie wife, a mo
For ioyfull mother, on
For Queene, a very Ca
For one being sued too
For one commaundin
For one that scornd at
Thus hath the course o
And left thee but, a ve
Hauing no more, but t
To torture thee the mo
Thou didst vsurpe my
Vsurpe the iust propor
Now thy proude necke
From which, euen here
And leaue the burthen
Farewell Yorkes wife,
These English woes, w

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